



F

152

-R 32

COPY 2

Author _____

Title _____

Imprint _____

A D D R E S S

BEFORE THE

HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

28th January, 1848.

ON THE OCCASION OF OPENING THE HALL IN
THE ATHENÆUM.

BY

WILLIAM B. REED.

PHILADELPHIA:
C. SHERMAN, PRINTER.
19 ST. JAMES STREET.
1848.

F152
.R32
Copy 2

P.

HALL OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

February 14, 1848.

SIR,

I have the honour to communicate the following resolution, passed at a meeting of the Historical Society held this evening.

On motion of Doctor A. L. Elwyn, it was resolved, That the thanks of the Society be presented to Mr. Reed, for his Address, delivered on the 28th ult., and that a copy be requested for publication.

I am, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

EDWARD ARMSTRONG,

Recording Secretary.

WILLIAM B. REED, Esquire.

A D D R E S S.

THE Historical Society of Pennsylvania has desired me to present a simple and precise exposition of its design, success, and prospects. It is, and always has been an unpretending Association, whose councils have been secluded, and which has never, that I am aware of, obtruded itself on public attention. It is neither rich nor ambitious, and has one merit of honest poverty, it is, I believe, out of debt. There are very many of our fellow-citizens who do not know of its existence, and no doubt some, whose only sentiment towards us is kindred to contemptuous indifference.

For twenty-two years, a few gentlemen interested in memories of the past, have been in the habit of monthly association, and have co-operated to collect materials and open sources of information, from which the historian, by and by, will frame his narrative, and for which he, at least, will thank us.

It is not my intention to tell the history of this In-

stitution. Its career has been very noiseless and barren of incident.

The nineteen original constituents of the Society, who signed the charter in 1826, were William Rawle, Roberts Vaux, Joseph Hopkinson, Joseph Reed, Thomas C. James, John Sergeant, Thomas I. Wharton, Thomas H. White, Caspar Wistar, George W. Smith, Gerard Ralston, William M. Walmsley, Daniel B. Smith, William Rawle, Jr., Charles J. Ingersoll, Edward Bettle, Thomas M. Pettit, B. H. Coates, and William M. Meredith. Of these, the dead or the living, it is unnecessary to say a word.

There is one individual, however, who is yet amongst us, and to whom, unobtrusive as his career has been, I have some delicacy in thus publicly referring; yet I will venture to do so, not for the purpose of compliment, of which he would be very careless, but because the cause of local history is under substantive obligations to him—greater far than to any one amongst us. I mean Mr. Hazard, the Curator of this Society and Editor of the *Register of Pennsylvania*—a work which every one, who desires to learn anything of the remote or recent history of the State, knows to be invaluable, and which will always be a monument of the author's singular industry and accuracy. No other state in this Union can boast of anything like it. It is essential, as I have some slight means of knowing, to the public man—to all who have

occasion to learn anything of Pennsylvania or her affairs. The time is not far distant, when Mr. Hazard's great work will be appreciated, and full justice be done to his modest labours. I am most happy thus incidentally, and perhaps inappropriately, to refer to one, of whom this Society should be proud, but who never has, and I am sure never will put forward any claim for public approval. In days of obtrusive sciolism, it is pleasant to have a chance of praising modest merit.*

I have no other personal allusions to make. But I have a few words to say, and they will be said in a most desultory manner, (such, on this occasion, being the wish of the Society and my own,) of our local history—its interest and value—the necessity of its study, and the aid which a Society like this, properly administered, can render.

The duties of an Historical Society are not only the collection, but the scrutiny of original materials. It by no means follows, because a document is old that it is curious or valuable; and a Society ought to have within itself the capacity of making the discrimination. If it has not, the chance is, that it will very soon become the receptacle of antique trash. In the collection

* Mr. Hazard is now engaged in the preparation of a new work of "Pennsylvania Annals," beginning at the Swedish settlements and coming down to a recent period.

and preservation of materials, a society can do much for which individual action is inadequate. There is a class of materials which it is our especial duty to preserve. I refer to public documents, and within certain limits, newspapers. Let any one attempt a minute historical investigation, and he will appreciate this duty. Books of biography and general history may be procured by individuals, and are within the compass of private libraries; but vain would be the attempt, and intolerable the burden of accumulation, to comprise within any four walls of ordinary construction, the vast production, even of the official press of the country or of the State. Yet it is well worth preservation—the “ha’penny worth of bread in all this sack” is essential to the student—and there should be some depositary for everything in the form of a public document, to which there may be easy access. That depositary, an Historical Society can be, even better than a General Circulating Library—though the defect in this particular of libraries in other respects complete, is much to be deplored. The City Library, of which we are so justly proud, is rather a library for distribution than reference, and will continue to be so, so long as students are limited to the post-prandial, twilight hours at which it is now accessible. No one in Philadelphia is supposed to want to study till he eats his dinner.

An Historical Society should be a sort of "Intelligence Office" for manuscripts and other original materials. No one, who is curious in such matters, can be expected to bestow, on a public institution, private collections made with labour and expense; but this Society ought at least to know where these collections are. Besides, there are hundreds of interesting manuscript memorials of the past, neglected or carelessly regarded by their owners, that with proper effort on our part, will here find refuge; and can be easily referred to without the restraint which surrounds every private curiosity collection. An Historical Society ought, I repeat, to know where all such things are to be found, so that when the stranger student comes hither on an errand of investigation, we may render him the assistance he desires. Having these objects in view some years ago, in our days of restricted means and depressed energies, a committee was appointed, in order to ascertain what private papers of value were in existence in Philadelphia, as well as their condition and chances of preservation. I am unable to say what was done under this appointment. Probably, in the cold and discouraging atmosphere, in which public neglect has compelled us to pursue our labours, this resolution, like many others, perished at its birth.*

* Autograph hunters, directory and almanac collectors—all who indulge amiable and whimsical curiosity ought here to be ticketed

This Society may be made a place of communion in the special branch of literature for which it was instituted—where those interested in such studies, may be sure to find companions and fellow-students—where the young man, who is tracing out some line of historical investigation that has attracted his fancy, may find counsel and assistance from those who have more maturely studied the same thing—whither the older student may also come and gain from the active and suggestive minds of younger men, ideas and details of knowledge which have escaped him. Where all interested in this pursuit may meet on the same broad platform, and freely, with a precise object in view, think and talk together. In this hope, it has been the steady effort of a majority of this Society, to *popularise* it, and to invite rather than discourage accessions to our ranks. If there be one thing more absurd in this country than any other, it is the close boroughing of literary associations of liberal design and professions—the employment by Science, or History, or Philosophy of a corps of janitors to guard their doors and watch the entrance—the enforcement of strict and

and registered; for many a time it happens to the student, that a signature, a date of time or place, the residence of a private citizen, or the condition of the tide—or some such apparently insignificant item—has an interest and value which the thankless reader little imagines. No one, who has not laboured on these details, knows the delight of lighting on minute evidence thus discovered.

arbitrary rules, generally having their origin in the whims and prejudices of those who have themselves, in all probability, crawled in under some bar of exclusion. Such, I repeat, is not, and I trust never will be the folly of this Society. It may be very humble in its attractions, but it is not exclusive. The two most effective associations in this city—the Franklin Institute and Academy of Natural Science—are before us to attest the success of a liberal and inviting policy.

These generally are our objects—these our hopes and wishes; but all dependent for consummation on the kindness and co-operation of our fellow-citizens around us, at whose hands we do not ask pecuniary patronage, but whom we merely ask to come amongst us, and to encourage us by occasional and friendly association. We ask Pennsylvanians and Philadelphians not to be ashamed of their own history. If I were not afraid, in these times when everything like enthusiasm, or pride of name, or patriotism is superseded or thrust aside by some mercenary pursuit or absurd romantic medieval sentimentalism, I would ask them to be, as well they may, *proud* of their own history.

Of the value of that history—I speak, too, especially of Pennsylvania history—it is not my design to speak. No one will seriously question it. The most impracticable student of rusty antiquity—he who wastes his

literary leisure and scholar-like tastes on useless things of useless times—who disturbs kind sympathy with those about him by retrospects to days of iron bigotry and fierce exaggeration—even he, while he turns away from our simple annals, will admit their value. All he says is, that they have no interest for him. On the other hand, and with another class, domestic cottons and woollens, domestic carpets, and knives and forks, and bottles are encouraged, but few think or care for domestic history.

And what, let me ask in all candour, is known of that which is thus decried? Nothing—literally nothing. When a book of American history or biography by some strange accident is read, the prevalent sentiment is surprise that it is so interesting. I will undertake to say, that there is not a human being, within the sound of my voice, who does not know more of Grecian, or Roman, or English, or Ecclesiastical history than he does of the 170 years that have elapsed since William Penn landed on these shores.

It is in no vulgar spirit of local self-complacency—no disparagement of other studies that I say this. I state an unquestioned fact.—Ignorance of our history is a reproach abroad and at home. Far from disparaging other studies, I would encourage them, but always in strict subordination to interest in what is local. Whilst in the most catholic spirit, I would, within appreciable limits, enlarge the circle of study

and reading—never would I so far extend it that the attraction of the centre should be lost. There is many a book alien in title and apparent character, which the intelligent American student will find fruitful of suggestions and lessons for us and ours. But there are studies which are utterly, and in my poor judgment, perniciously alien—theoretically and practically useless; these and all such I would reject, as unworthy an American student's sight or thought. I never see the mind of American man or woman turned outward, or backward, and wasted on foreign or obsolete studies without deep and most honest regret. The poet's rule is true in study as in morals :

“ To make a happy *fireside* clime
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.”

That which bears upon our local destinies as Americans ought to be beyond everything the object of our serious studies.

I have said that the intelligent student will find much of direct, domestic interest in books, whose titles promise little. All depends on the spirit in which he reads. He will find ‘homely’ matters, where he least expects them—but he must look for them with an American eye and cherish them in an American heart.

A traveller's recollections are never in very good taste; but I may be pardoned for alluding to a visit, a

few years ago, to the beautiful Temple Church in London—the church, I mean, attached to the Law Association of the Inner Temple. Wandering there among the graves of Knights Templar of ancient days, and the rich and varied marble slabs, commemorative of dead English lawyers, great and small, those I had heard of and those I had not, all emblazoned with equal pomp of monumental praise, it is impossible to describe the pleasure with which my eye happened to light on an humble cenotaph, erected to the memory of a young student, bearing a familiar American and Philadelphian name, “Philemon Helmsley;” the stone said, “of Queen Anne’s County, Maryland, who died in London, 12th May, 1752, aged 24.”*

And then, my mind travelling back to times of colonial dependency, which, measuring by the world’s chronology, were but of yesterday, when American students of law thought their education incomplete without a year or two in the Temple, or at Lincoln’s Inn, I thought not so much of the change which the lapse of time has worked in this as in everything, but of the actual and significant element in our history, which the state of times and manners there evolved. Standing by the tomb of this American law student, I could not but think of the varied learning he, and those like him, received in England at that time—not the

* Mr. Helmsley, I have since learned, was first cousin of Chief Justice Tilghman.

mere learning of the law, for that was the least of it, but of the unconscious masculine training which the intelligent American young man had in what he heard and saw every day that he lived in the Metropolitan atmosphere. There are interesting suggestions connected with this feature of Colonial life. It is a little chapter worth studying. The American students of law in London, before the Revolution, were students of high principles, which many of them were destined soon to call into action. It was their habit to go night after night to Parliament, listening to discussions of constitutional law from Chatham and Mansfield, and that other great constitutional lawyer, Lord Camden, whose true fame—thanks to a delightful living biographer—has but lately been rescued from the shade—from Dunning and Conway, from Burke and Barré—from all the great men who then were fighting for British liberty, violated in America.* While some of these students came back from Eng-

* Let me here make a most sincere acknowledgment of the pleasure afforded on this side of the Atlantic by Lord Campbell's *Chancery Biographies*. His *Life of Lord Camden* is a late, though hearty tribute to the memory of one of England's greatest statesmen.—Two other *Biographies* (not professional) have yet to be written, if American fame is worth having—Lord Shelburne's and General Conway's. One of Colonel Barré is, I observe, in progress. An *American Life of Chatham*, well executed, would be a most desirable contribution to History.

land, Loyalists, there were many who, thus schooled, returned thorough out and out American patriots. One may easily imagine a young American in London, poring over his law books in seclusion all day, with no news from a distant home but murmurs and hopeless complaint—of rights violated and interests trampled under foot—feeling, in the oppressive atmosphere around him, all the insolence of metropolitan authority and prejudice; but at night crowding his way into the gallery of Parliament, to hear debates on *American* affairs—to hear such a voice as that of William Pitt utter the electric words “*I rejoice that America has resisted!*” to see the historical tapestry of St. Stephen’s flutter at his tones, and Mansfield and the ministerial lawyers tremble at his frown. The hearts of the young American law students as they wandered, those nights, home to their chambers, must have swelled proudly at the recollection of such words as these. It was a noble training to study law in this fashion and in those days.

I do not mean to say, that the sight of Mr. Helm-sley’s tombstone suggested all this train of thought, but his name and birth-place, crowded as it was amidst strange and prouder monuments, had an interest which it would be affectation to deny.

And so it is with study, for if, I repeat, the sentiment, or the sympathy with what is American, be in the reader’s heart, there is no occasion to limit or re-

strain excursive intellectual wandering. Let me, so far as I can within brief limits, illustrate what I mean by references to books, read in the hurried moments of professional leisure,—those brief, bright moments, late at night and just before tea-time,—which lawyers can have, if they choose to claim them, but which lawyers now-a-days seem ashamed to admit they can command.

Take, for example, a celebrated British author, who the casual reader will say is least likely of all others to suggest thoughts of *American* interest. I mean, and the choice is made very much at random, Dean Swift, the Tory Ecclesiastic of the days of Queen Anne. Reading what Swift wrote, with a desire and curiosity to see something bearing on us and our interests, one cannot fail being struck with the variety of its suggestions.

Swift, as we all know, was one of those prodigies of ineffectual genius, which the experiment of Providence is continually evolving for our guidance or admonition, who with talents adequate to any exigency, or any result, came to the end of a long and turbulent career, leaving no bright mark behind him. The neglected volumes in which his multitudinous works are contained, with all the fascination of the most charming of biographers and critics, are rarely studied, except by the curious belles-lettres scholar. The satire is daily becoming more difficult of appre-

ciation, the heart-breaking mysteries of Stella and Vanessa every day less interesting, and the truth is, as a general observation, we know the once illustrious Dean as a disappointed pamphleteer and nothing more.

Yet if the student, led by any stray impulse, reads Swift's life and writings, with the American tendency I have spoken of, he will find, (at least so it seems to me,) much of peculiar interest.

His biographer states, on what authority I am unable to say, that about the year 1707, when Swift was a Whig, and a friend of Addison and Lord Somers, it was proposed he should accompany Governor Hunter to America, and be consecrated "Bishop of Virginia.* Now, had Swift, with his turbulent spirit and characteristic detestation of political tyranny and misrule, come to these Colonies, what a different career might his have been, and how much wider and greater his fame, had his eloquence been evoked on this stage—a Nation, not a party, to applaud the swelling act,—instead of the narrow one of Dublin politics; but the offer of such a mitred exile, to a man of Swift's ambition, was too closely akin to insult to be submitted to. If made, it was, no doubt, contemptuously declined; and it is curious to see what he, and others of his day, (the golden age of English Literature,) thought of us Americans—and as we may infer, of such a mission.

* Scott's Life of Swift, chapter ii, p. 85.

Vindicating the people of Ireland from some metropolitan oppression, he breaks out, as if unable to control the insolence of his spirit, and the utter scorn with which an Englishman of those times looked down on us :

“It is clear that some ministers are apt to look down, from their high elevation, on this kingdom of Ireland, *as if it were only one of our colonies of outcasts in America.*”*

Thus spoke the Irish ecclesiastic of those days, reflecting, no doubt, the popular sentiment of the time ; and may not the American student find something here worthy of a moment’s complacent meditation ? In little over a century from the time these words of scorn were uttered, by one of England’s wisest men,

* Scott’s Swift, vol. vii. p. 25. Dryden, in the *Hind and Panther*, has some vigorous, though coarse lines, on the colonial system of his day :

“Here let my sorrow give my satire place,
To raise new blushes on the British race ;
Our sailing ships like common sewers we use,
And through our distant colonies diffuse
The draught of dungeons and the stench of stews,
Whom, when their home-bred honesty is lost,
We disembody on some “far Indian” coast.
Thieves, pandars, palliards, sins of every sort,
These are the manufactures we export ;
And these the missionaries our zeal has made,
For with my country’s pardon, be it said,
Religion is the least of all our trade.”

an American frigate, chartered by the charity of those very "outcasts," lay at anchor in the Cove of Cork, dispensing her bounty to save Ireland from starvation, and the Royal standard of a Queen, ten times more powerful and ten thousand times more queen-like than Queen Anne, gracefully and gratefully saluted American grain ships, hastening through the Irish channel on an errand of mercy to her subjects.

Scorning, or unable to secure an American mitre, thwarted by the antipathy of the Queen, who, in heart a Stuart, never forgave the Tale of a Tub, Swift at last took refuge in an Irish Deanery, and then it was that, thrust in exile among a people he detested, he wrote the political works which, among his countrymen, have immortalized his name. He wrote the Drapier's Letters to arouse Ireland against metropolitan oppression—not only against Wood's half-pence, but their principle—against oppression which legislated for her without her consent, taxed her, cut off her manufactures, restricted her commerce, screwed tighter that great engine of colonial tyranny, the Navigation Act—in short, (and this is the application) did everything towards Ireland which, forty years later, made the American Revolution. If ever History suggests a prototype, here it is—the chief difference being, that Sir Robert Walpole was wiser than George Grenville, and that Ireland was not America.

It is in this relation especially,—I wish I had time

to do more than hint at it—that the student, reading Swift's forgotten volumes in an American spirit, will realize what I have said—and here, in the dark perplexity of Irish politics—that from which, then and now, every one shrinks back disgusted, will be found a germ of the mighty struggle which created this Republic. The statutes against which Swift raised his voice of effectual remonstrance, were the same in principle as those which, for years, oppressed America, and which, quite as much as the speculative question of Taxation, led to the overthrow of Imperial power here.* The machinery of resistance, too, non-importation and non-consumption, was the same. Some of Swift's very phrases, their origin not probably traced, became current coin of American declamation, and were habitually used by the pamphleteers of 1775. The common one of "*uniting as one man*"† is to be found in the Drapier's Letters, and there, too, the student will find other sentences and phrases of captivating power, which sound very much like those which, a few years later, were uttered in Faneuil Hall and the Court House of Williamsburg, in defiance of the same Imperial and imperious authority. It sounds, for instance, very much

* The curious reader is referred to the Introduction to Mr. Sabine's recent work on the American Loyalists, for an admirable illustration of the idea here incidentally hinted at.

† Scott's Swift, vol. vii. p. 174.

like American rebellion to hear Swift say to Ireland, "The remedy is wholly in your own hands, and, therefore, I have digressed a little, in order to refresh and continue that spirit among you; and to let you see that by the LAWS of GOD, of NATIONS, of NATURE, and of your COUNTRY, you are and ought to be as free as your brethren of England."* Or again, when rising to a higher pitch of masculine downright eloquence, his agitated spirit, goaded to look towards these "colonies of outcasts" as the place of Freedom's refuge, he says, "For my own part, who am but one man, of obscure condition, I do solemnly declare in the presence of Almighty God, that I will suffer the most ignominious and torturing death, rather than submit to receive this accursed coin, or any other that shall be liable to the same objections, until they shall be forced on me by a law of my own country; and if that shall ever happen, I will transport myself into some foreign land, and eat the bread of poverty among a free people."†

There was something very like "*Brother Jonathan*" in the tone of these remonstrances. And yet the courtly writer, I mean Sir Walter Scott, who has so beautifully described these wrongs and their redress, who sees in England's commercial treatment of Ireland nothing "but a short-sighted mercantile policy,

* Scott's Swift, vol. vii. p. 183.

† Ibid.

alike impolitic and cruel, more worthy the monopolizing corporation of some peddling borough than the enlightened Senate of a free people," never recognised in it the foreshadowing of the kindred blundering which aroused American rebellion and made the American Revolution. At the time, too, few, or none of those reputed wise, saw the probable progress of colonial misgovernment and abuse of metropolitan authority; but there was an observant eye that noted what was happening—for one cannot fail to be struck with the coincidence, that at the very period when Swift was hurling defiance in the face of Walpole and his colleagues, and vindicating the wrongs of *his* provincial countrymen against Parliamentary oppression, there was a poor American printer, lodging in a by-street of London, who was watching the struggle closely, and no doubt, laying up in a mind that grasped and retained everything, the Dean's lessons of resistance for future use in this distant region. During the period when Swift was publishing the Drapier's Letters and other pamphlets in defence of Ireland, Doctor Franklin was on his first visit to England, a vigilant and reflective watcher of the scene before him; and then it was that one of those odd incidents of variety occurred which mark his singular career—which brought him, too, in contact with one of the Drapier's nearest friends.

"One of these days," says Franklin, "I was, to my

surprise, sent for by a great man I knew only by name, Sir William Wyndham," (Wyndham, all will remember as the Tory leader of his day, the friend of Bolingbroke and patron of Swift,) "and I waited upon him. He had heard, by some means or other, of my swimming from Chelsea to Blackfriars, and of my teaching a young man to swim in a few hours. He had two sons about to set out on their travels, and he wished to have them first taught swimming, and proposed to gratify me handsomely if I would teach them. They were not yet come to town, and my stay was uncertain, so I could not undertake it. But from this incident, I think it likely, that if I were to remain in England and open a swimming-school, I might get a great deal of money."

When Franklin next returned to England, Swift's career was over, Wyndham and Bolingbroke were dead, and one of the boys, whom Franklin had refused to teach to swim, was Earl of Egremont, and had succeeded Mr. Pitt as minister of the Crown.*

Such then, is the use which the American student may make, even of a writer like Swift—such the interest he will find in books which, viewed in other

* Sparks's Franklin, vol. i. p. 65. The Earl of Egremont's sister married George Grenville, and Mr. Grenville's son Thomas negotiated the Treaty of 1783 with Franklin. Thomas Grenville died in 1846, at a very advanced age.

relations, have none. So with many others, had I time to call your attention to them. He will find in Lord Chesterfield's Letters—a book of wonderful wisdom, once extravagantly praised, and now inordinately depreciated—a brief, but intelligible analysis of the Navigation Act of Great Britain, without a precise knowledge of which, no one can pretend to know the true grievances of the American colonies—in George Selwyn's Letters, curious materials for Philadelphia history—in the Life of Jeremy Bentham, a new eyewitness narrative of Franklin's examination before the Privy Council—in Hume's letters to the Abbé Morellet, the best description of Pennsylvania paper currency; and the coincidence is rather curious, that the newspapers brought by one of the last steamers from England, and accidentally read during the preparation of this address, contain the report of a meeting held near Birmingham, to procure a relaxation of Sir Robert Peel's Bank Act, at which one of the orators refers, as an admirable precedent, to this very Pennsylvania provincial currency as described by Hume—a sort of ante-revolutionary relief notes.*

* Since this Address was delivered, Lord Campbell's Biography of Mr. Wedderburn (Lord Loughborough) has appeared.

Lord Campbell rather exaggerates the effect of the Scotch lawyer's invective on *Franklin*. The effect of the outrage was, however, very great on this side of the water, and was a predominant element of

Again, if the American student will follow Hume's recent and most agreeable biographer, and collate the pages of the first and second edition of his History of England, he may trace the progress of his Tory Pyrrhonism in the suppression or mutilation of every passage which seemed to foretell the enlargement of human liberty, either on this or the other side of the Atlantic. There is something very curious in it—especially so in the contrast between Hume's disparagement and the sanguine appreciation, by some of his contemporaries, of the destinies of our country.

In the first edition of Hume's History, the following passage—beautiful in the transparent simplicity of its diction—occurred;—speaking of America, he said: “The seeds of many a noble state have been sown in climates kept desolate by the wild manners of the ancient inhabitants, (but) an asylum is secured in that solitary world for liberty and science, if ever the spreading of unlimited Empire, or the inroads of barbarous nations should again extinguish them in this turbulent and restless hemisphere.”

When Hume revised his original work, he struck

Doctor Franklin's popularity, not till then very firmly established at home. No American writer, or indeed no one, English or American, who had studied the yet unexplored subject of our revolution, would say, as Lord Campbell says, that the scene at the Privy Council “mainly conduced to the civil war that followed, and to the dismemberment of the Empire.”

the prediction out, and it appears in none of the subsequent editions. On the other hand, Horace Walpole, writing about the same time, from Strawberry Hill, to Sir Horace Mann, saw the American future much more cheerfully.

“Don’t tell me,” he writes, “I am grown old, and peevish, and supercilious—name the (great men) of 1774 and I’ll submit. The next Augustan age will dawn on the other side of the Atlantic. There will be a Thucydides at Boston, a Xenophon at New York, a Virgil at Mexico, and a Newton in Peru.” Walpole’s predictions of 1774, now in 1847 when Boston has its great historian, and the flag of those who speak the English language, is flying on every plain of Mexico, and from the headlands of California, seem very like trustworthy prophecy.*

* Letter, November 24, 1774, vol. ii. p. 301. There is extant, I may here observe, a letter from Hume to Gibbon, written in October, 1767, in which the following passage in a very different tone occurs: “Why do you compose in French, and carry fagots to the wood, as Horace says, with regard to those Romans who wrote in Greek? I grant that you have a like motive to those Romans, and adopt a language more generally diffused than your own native tongue; but have you not remarked the fate of those two ancient languages in following ages. The Latin, though then less celebrated, and confined to more narrow limits, has, in some measure, outlived the Greek, and is now become generally understood by men of letters. Let the French, therefore, triumph in the present diffusion of their

One other illustration of this capability of foreign history, to throw and borrow light from what we do at home, and I pass to other more practical and appropriate views.

I have referred already to the American students of law in England before the Revolution, and to the lessons and principles of statesmanship, which, almost unconsciously, not from books but from incidents and examples of the times, they were learning. These, however, were not always mere politics, nor matters relating only to the pending dispute between the Colonies and the Mother Country, but lessons of practical legislation, which they were enabled to put into action in America, long before the sluggish wisdom of Great Britain could be reconciled to them. In 1758, occurred the memorable attempt to extend to all cases of illegal restraint the Habeas Corpus act of Charles II. Supported by Pitt and Camden, opposed by Mansfield and Hardwicke, it met the fate of all reforms in that age of servility, and failed—nor did it become the law of England till within our memory—no longer ago than 1816.* The Pennsylvania reader will be proud in knowing, that the amendment of the Habeas Corpus

tongue. *Our solid and increasing establishments in America, where we need less dread the inundation of barbarians, promise a superior stability and duration to the English language."*

* Lord Mahon's History of England, vol. iv. p. 185.

Act—the chance bulwark of British liberty—in the very words which American law students had heard Hardwicke and Mansfield decry and reject it in 1758, and which was slowly and reluctantly adopted by Parliament only in 1816, was made the law of Pennsylvania sixty years ago, on the 18th of February, 1755—being reported from a committee, of which Anthony Wayne, of Chester County, was chairman. Pennsylvania was, I believe, the first of the American States in this—the Massachusetts statute to the same effect, being just one month later.

Thus, then, in these cursory and unconnected illustrations, have I sought to vindicate my theory of study from any imputation of narrowness of design. I hope I am understood as asking, that only those intellectual pursuits should be avoided, which lead the American student so far away from the paths which it is the design of Providence he must pursue, as to make him (and there are many such around us,) a discontented, impracticable sentimentalist. His first, and predominant study, should be his own homely history. It will well repay him, if he knows how to read it, and will make him a practical, hopeful, contented American man. Take, for example, the single branch of historical literature, with which we have direct concern—the history of Pennsylvania. Read it with the sympathies of an American, and see if it may not be made, even in its brief antiquity, full of interest. If the read-

ing people of Pennsylvania and Philadelphia were to be polled, if those who now hear me—a fair representation of the intelligent class of our fellow-citizens—were honestly to say what idea they have of the annals of their native soil, they would be apt to admit, that beyond a few leading facts, they know little about it, and perhaps care less—that the only idea they have of William Penn is derived from the sombre figure in front of the Hospital, or the caricature which, in the form of a picture, hangs in the State House—they know he landed here—made a treaty with the Indians, the site of which is marked by a fragile monument, the last news of which was, that it was fast tumbling to decay—they know, too, that Dr. Franklin came here a poor boy, and printed a newspaper and Poor Richard's Almanac—that the Declaration of Independence and the Federal Constitution were signed in Philadelphia, and here, in nine cases out of ten, the knowledge ends.

Tell the merchant, as he hurries to or from his counting-room, the lawyer, in the hours he wastes idling about the Court House, and we *do* waste a great many,—the Divine, as he saunters from one theological bookstore or periodical office to another, his armour riveted, and his weapons of controversy sharpened anew,—tell any one of the busy throng of Chestnut or Second Street, that William Penn lived in the old house at the corner of Norris's

Alley—that in one auction store, not far off, was the first meeting held to resist the Boston Port Bill—and in another, a little further, Patrick Henry made the great speeches that immortalize his name, and I very much doubt if the throng will pause for a moment, or bestow any other thought, than wonder that any one cares for such trumpery.

If, however, they could be tempted, in an American spirit, to open even the meagre volumes which we have, and I concede they are meagre and imperfect, they would find them deeply interesting. They would find in them, too, what they do not dream of—not the illustration of an isolated branch of knowledge—not mere local or narrow provincial annals, but closely interlaced, the connexion being more visible every day that passes, with the men and the events of Transatlantic story, and they would feel, the more in all these relations it is studied, pride in their simple domestic institutions becoming more rational and better founded.

I repeat, ours is no merely isolated provincial story. If you will excuse me for so long trespassing on your attention, the task is not difficult to show what I mean, and what its actual relations are, and always have been, to the greater and more attractive world abroad, to the familiar events of British and Continental story.

There is, as it seems to me, a long and dreary period of British history, from the death of Cromwell to the

birth of the first William Pitt, when the world, and especially that part of it with which we had relations, seemed unable to produce a single great, or complete, or picturesque character—the long, cheerless day of political churchmanship—of kings lying to their subjects, especially as to religion—of ministers trafficking with foreign powers—of the French monarch buying one English king, and giving alms to another—of patriots receiving money from abroad—of heroes, like Marlborough, betraying their master, and corresponding with an adverse Pretender—the days when Milton was proscribed and neglected, and Dryden and Pryor were petted and patronised. Such is this long chapter of transatlantic story. But it was then that, on this side of the ocean, the growth of a new race of men, and a new Nation was silently beginning “the vigorous race of undiseased mankind,” and year after year was bringing some new emigration, each differing from that which had come before, and all destined, in a few years, to be welded together and form the great social union from which this Republic has grown. This history of emigration, beginning with Virginia and ending with Georgia, is full of untold interest, and between these two points of time, —almost equidistant,—was the arrival of William Penn here.

Let those who decry our limited provincial story, and think nothing interesting that is not connected

with the greater and more turbulent European world, see who William Penn was, and what part he really played on the world's great theatre. It is to be lamented, that biography has not yet done its appropriate work for this singularly great man, and that even his eulogists have not defined precisely his true and varied merits. With the exception of Mr. Fisher's beautiful discourse, delivered some years ago before this Society, on Penn's private character, and a series of clever articles, lately published in a periodical called the *Friend*, I am not aware of any elaborate attempt at accurate illustration of his character. To his benevolence and purity, perhaps to his statesmanship, full justice has been done, but his scholarlike ability has not had the praise it deserves, and some day will receive. We talk habitually of the days of Addison and Swift, or of the older and more robust writers of the Restoration, but we never care to remember, that intermediate to both schools, there lived one man, whose style, in all the peculiarities of English vigour and beauty, rarely has been surpassed. Penn was really a great writer of his times—the extracts from his letters and public papers glisten like bright gems on Proud's russet, uncouth pages, and I could easily select passages, the beauty of which is most remarkable. Observe, for instance, the simple and eloquent precision of two sentences, taken, at random, from his letter of 1683, to the Free

Society of Traders—describing his negotiation with the Indians, he says :

“ During the time that this person spoke, not a man of them was observed to whisper or smile ; the old, grave ; the young, reverent in their deportment. They speak little, but fervently, and with elegance. I have never seen more natural sagacity, considering them without the help (I was going to say, the spoil) of tradition, and he will deserve the name of wise that outwits them in any treaty about a thing they understand.”

Or again :

“ Do not,” he says, “ abuse them, but let them have justice, and you win them. The worst is, that they are the worse for the Christians, who have propagated their vices, and yielded them tradition for ill and not for good things. But as low an ebb as this people are at, and as inglorious as their condition looks, the Christians have not outlived their *sight*, with all their pretensions to a higher manifestation. What good, then, might not a good people graft, when there is so distinct a knowledge left between good and evil ? I beseech God to incline the hearts of all that come into these parts, to outlive the knowledge of the natives by a fixed obedience to the will of God ; for it were miserable, indeed, for us to fall under the censure of the poor Indian’s conscience, while we make profession of things so far transcending.”

And there is nothing in our language, it seems to me, more strikingly beautiful than the Introduction or Preface to Penn's *Frame of Government*. He was a scholar, a *writing orator*. He was in the highest and best sense, a courtier and a gentleman—and had not his genius lighted and sunk in the Serbonian bog of theological controversy, from the gloomy edge of which the most adventurous student recoils dismayed, Penn would have been among the popular classics of our literature. Every word of his political writings, his familiar letters—all, in short, that was popularly written, justify this praise.

The history of his career, from his birth in 1644 till his death in 1718, might be made the history of England, for though a contemned sectary, he was the friend and confidant of England's king at the crisis of her fate—at a change of dynasty. This was Penn's misfortune. The Stuarts, like the Bourbons, seemed not only born to ill luck themselves, but born to drag their friends down to ill luck with them, and Penn's fidelity to James II. and his family, was the controlling misfortune of his life. It took him, and it kept him from his colony. The striking language of the first sentence of the *Frame of Government* has an application to himself, and the necessity of actual presence here which he did not think of.

“While he stood here,” he says, “all went well. There was no need of coercive or compulsive means—

the precept of divine love and truth in his bosom was the guide and keeper of (their) innocency."

And sad indeed was it for Penn and for Pennsylvania, that, having planted the seed, he did not remain to watch the growth, but was willing, or compelled to return to the purlieus of a Court whose master, a selfish and cold-hearted bigot and libertine, never thanked or remembered the fidelity of any follower. The speculation is hardly a vain one, that had Penn remained here, his personal influence would have saved us from the miserable perplexities of our early politics—those wretched squabbles, which have lasted in some form from that day to this, and have produced and are producing their natural fruit, in that elevation of mediocrity and depreciation of intellectual distinction, which makes Pennsylvania a byword. One legacy our first settlers certainly have left us—poor politics—jealous, ungenerous, disparaging politics. I know nothing more painful than some chapters of our early local history, and those, too, which describe what occurred while Penn was living. We read of Hannah Penn's yearly visits of condolence to the Court of the exiled Stuarts, and her assiduous kindness to the widowed Queen, Mary of Modena.* We find Penn himself,

* Miss Strickland's *Queens of England*, vol. ix. p. 345. "Every year Mrs. Penn, the wife of James's former protégé, the founder of Pennsylvania, paid a visit to the Court of St. Germain's, carrying with her a collection of all the little presents which the numerous friends and well-wishers of James II. and his queen could muster."

after his day of severe probation, during the reign of William III., a favoured subject of Queen Anne, and in the very year that he wrote his memorable letter of expostulation, eloquent in its very querulousness, on the treatment of James Logan by the Colonial politicians, and when, more than ever, we might wish him here to quiet these difficulties and disturbances, we find him the organ of Court favour at home, the means by which men, destined to become great, approached the throne, and secured the favour of the minister. Swift, in his journal to Stella, thus describes an evening of joyous conviviality with Penn. It was at the house of Harley, afterwards Earl of Oxford, and the triumphant statesman, fresh in his victory over Somers and Godolphin.

“The porter told me his master was just gone to dinner with much company, and desired I would come an hour hence, which I did, expecting to hear Mr. Harley was gone out; but they had just done dinner. Mr. Harley came out to me, brought me in, and presented me to his son-in-law, Lord Dublane, and his own son, and among others, to Will Penn, the Quaker: we sate two hours, drinking as good wine as you do; and two hours he and I were alone.”

Surely, it is no unfair disparagement of Penn's true fame, to wish he had then been here, watching closely over the budding energies of his infant and distracted settlement. James Logan was a truer, steadier friend,

better worthy his companionship than Oxford, or Bolingbroke, or Swift, or any of the false courtiers of this falsest of courts. But Penn's destiny was that of a hopeless absentee.

There is one familiar incident connected with Penn and the foundation of this colony, to which the occurrences of recent times have given rather peculiar interest. It has been of late the fashion in Great Britain to revile with especial ribaldry our state of Pennsylvania as the arch-repudiator of the world, and those can attest the severity of the sarcasm, who, in the hour of merited opprobrium, happened to be abroad. So long as we deserved the obloquy (and there was a period when we unquestionably did)—all retort on the delinquencies of others was in the worst possible taste. There was but one thing for the American man of honour to do—to submit in silence. But now, that, by an effort, the merit of which we only know who feel every day how hard it is to keep the mutinous blood of young Democracy from some exorbitance—how much harder to bring it back when it has once gone wrong—now that we have, in a great measure, restored our credit, we have a right, if we please, to open the volume of history, and with the record try to stop the mouths of persevering ill nature. Doing so, we find that Penn's plan of colonising America had its origin in a stupendous Government repudiation, alongside of which Pennsylvania's brief omission to pay her

interest shrinks into insignificance. His latest biographer thus describes it.

“The favour of the king, Charles II., and of his brother, the Duke of York, had been freely sought, by the dying Admiral for his son, and freely promised. But William Penn had a claim more substantial than a Royal promise of those days. The crown was indebted to the estate of Admiral Penn for services, *loan and interest*, to the amount of £16,000. The exchequer, under the convenient management of Shaftesbury, would not meet the claim. Penn, who was engaged in settling the estate of his father, petitioned the King, in June, 1680, for a grant of land in America as a payment for all this debt.”*

This is a very gentle account of a very ugly transaction. Admiral Penn was no pensioner on the bounty of the crown, but had as good a claim on the Royal Treasury as ever a holder of a five per cent. bond has had on ours. Not only was the gallant old sailor's pay heavily in arrears, but we read in Pepys's diary of 20th and 30th August, 1667, the following entries, which show to what degrading necessities Royalty was once reduced, and that part of Penn's debt was that which honest insolvency always protects—a debt for borrowed money. “Sir William Coventry,” says Pepys, “fell to discourse of retrenchments. He do

* Memoir of Penn, by Mr. Ellis, in Sparks's American Biography.

tell me he hath propounded how the charge of the Navy in peace shall come within £200,000, by keeping out twenty-four ships in summer and ten in winter. He did single out Sir William Penn and me, and desired us to lend the king some money."

"August 30. At Whitehall, I met with Sir George Downing, who tells me that Sir William Penn had offered to lend £500, and I tell him of my £300 which he would have me to lend on the credit of the latter of the act; but I understand better, there being no delight in lending money to be paid by the king two years hence."

And Pepys was right, for in little more than two years from that time, the king closed the Exchequer and repudiated debts quite as meritorious as those which modern times, in the wildest and most speculative extravagance, have created, and as we have seen, Admiral Penn's executor, thirteen years later, was content to take a colonial grant—in plain English, what we would call, back lands—in liquidation of this repudiated debt of honour.*

Thus it is, (and I have had time barely to hint at it)

* Whether it is as some sort of compensation for this injustice to the old Admiral, or as an acknowledgment of our founder's fidelity to the House of Stuart, who are, it seems, among the oddities of the day, coming into fashion again, I do not know, but I observe among the decorations of the new Houses of Parliament, the only real American subject illustrated is Penn's Treaty with the Indians.

that the opening chapter of our provincial history, which describes the personal career of Penn and his contemporaries—is full of the most remarkable and picturesque incidents of times which certainly were not barren of interest. I shall be content if any one who hears me can be induced to think so.

Penn died in 1718, and then it was, as he descended, the victim of misfortune and disappointment, to his grave, that the career of the luckiest man that ever lived—wonderful in his ability, most wonderful in his success, began to unfold itself. Dr. Franklin was twelve years old when William Penn died, and five years later, he rambled to Philadelphia, and from the moment that he came he identified himself with us and ours—our history, our prosperity, our destiny. He is part and a most illustrious part of Pennsylvania history, and I cannot relinquish the hope, that a Pennsylvania man will some day do justice to his yet neglected biography. There are many who have Franklin's blood in their veins—who share, too, the rich inheritance of his genius, who well can do it. We may condemn and disparage hereditary pride—not the vulgar sentiment called pride of family, but the pride of hereditary talent and patriotism—as we please, it is the fashion of the times to do so; but there is in the succession of talent and virtue something attractive. There is something, at least, picturesque in seeing, as we have seen, one living lineal descendant of

Pennsylvania's first and great philosopher, entrusted by the Nation with the execution of a gigantic scheme of scientific beneficence—measuring from mountain to mountain, and headland to headland, the boundaries of a continent—and another, the close bond of affectionate brotherhood only broken by death, perishing a martyr to science amidst the howling hurricane of the Gulf Stream. And here let me pause and say, citizens of Philadelphia, to you—that it is a discredit to Philadelphia, that one of her gallant sons, a brave officer, born and bred here, a great grandson of our Franklin, dying, not on the field of battle, but in the discharge of duties of peaceful and philanthropic science, should have perished almost within hail of the capes of the Delaware, and not one word of public testimony be uttered—no official act of honour be done to his memory. Such neglect is injustice to ourselves.*

The two lives of Penn and Franklin, covering more than a century, contain all the history of our State that can yet be written. And what a narrative is this of Franklin. We are apt enough to talk of him as of Washington, in stereotyped terms of vague enthusiasm, but rarely do we meditate on the detailed incidents, the peculiarity of those ninety years of Penn-

* Lieutenant George M. Bache, of the U. S. Navy, was washed overboard and drowned in September 1846, in a gale of wind in the Gulf Stream. He was attached, at the time, to the Coast Survey service, of which Mr. A. D. Bache is the distinguished superintendent.

sylvania life ; the quick transition of great events as he ascended slowly and surely the long steep hill of his fame—the boy of seventeen sleeping in the Meeting House, with one roll of bread in his pocket, and no roll of bread in prospect—and then at the distance of almost a century, the patriarch going to his grave amid the universal mourning of a Nation. It has all yet to be written, and whoever writes it writes the history of a civilized and enlightened world. I have had occasion, in another relation, to refer to an incident of Franklin's first obscure visit to Great Britain. Down to the period of his second visit, he has described his career in his own matchless style of simple English writing. And here again, as of Penn, let me say, that too high praise cannot be bestowed on Franklin as a master of the best of rhetoric, that which, in simple and transparent language expresses exact ideas—that rhetoric, alongside of which the hyperboles and inflations of our times are as grotesque and offensive as players' spangles by daylight. I know nothing of intellectual discipline that would do more good than to put our exaggerated, adjective-loving countrymen on a strict substantive diet, and to make them study the severe model of their own Franklin's style. It is like writing by telegraph—no waste, no expletives. It was a style that had its root in clear and distinct perceptions ; it was English really undefiled ; it was rhetoric that withstood contagion, for while Mr. Jefferson, al-

ways a sprightly and originally an accurate writer, returned from France a gallicised English rhetorician, Doctor Franklin, who was there much longer, with at least equal participation in French intercourse, wrote the same good manly English to the latest moment of his life. There was in it a peculiarity of graceful precision that is scarcely imitable, and if I were asked to select specimens of the exact and clear enunciation of a thought, or series of thoughts, I might refer to two from the pen of Franklin, on which my eye has casually lighted, and which, though entirely simple and unpretending, seem to me the perfection of good English writing. One is his character, in three lines, of William Coleman, one of the founders of the Junto.

“Lastly, William Coleman, then a merchant’s clerk, about my age, who had the coolest, clearest head, the best heart, and the exactest morals of almost any man I ever met with.” In these few lines, is all of characteristic praise that pages of modern hyperbole could have given, simply and inartificially said, without a big word from the beginning to the end of it, the perfection of exact English writing.

The other, also from Franklin’s pen, is what you are all familiar with, the Inscription on the corner stone of the Philadelphia Hospital.

In the year of Christ,

M.D.C.C.L.V.

George the Second, happily reigning,

For he sought the happiness of his people ;
 Philadelphia flourishing,
 For her inhabitants were publick spirited.
 This Building,
 By the bounty of the Government
 And of many private persons,
 Was piously founded
 For the relief of the sick and miserable.
 May the God of mercies
 Bless the undertaking.

Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, with all their stores of lapidary memorials, may be challenged to produce anything more precisely beautiful, more clearly significant—that which neither says too little nor too much, and says what it does in appropriate and not hyperbolised English, than what Franklin thus traced on this foundation stone.

Franklin's autobiography ends at the period when scenes of wider interest were opening. That record he has left for others to complete. When he went to England, in 1764, as agent of this colony, he had risen, though not to the highest, yet to a platform far higher than when, thirty years before, he and Ralph had burrowed in obscure London lodgings, and his highest aspiration was to teach young noblemen to swim. He had now become the associate of Britain's really great men—the opposition of that day—the varied but formidable array of the friends of Chatham and Rockingham. He was examined before the House

of Commons, insulted at the Privy Council, saw the enactment and the repeal of the Stamp Act, and remained in England till every chance of peaceful redress being over, the time was come for him to return to suffer and counsel with his countrymen at home.

Franklin returned to America in 1776, and just before he set out on, as he thought, his last voyage, then an old man of nearly seventy years, he wrote from London to his son, "I have, of late, great doubts whether I shall continue here any longer. I grow homesick, and being now in my sixty-seventh year, I begin to apprehend some infirmity of age may attack me, and make my return impracticable. I have, also, some important affairs to settle before my death, a period, I ought now to think, cannot be far distant." We often read of the frustration of plans founded on calculations of long life—but here, in the case of Dr. Franklin, the progress of natural decline, of age itself, seems to have been arrested, and all the great events of his life, his permanent public services, were rendered after he was self-condemned as unfit to work at all. After he was seventy, he signed the Declaration of Independence, framed, or aided in framing the first constitution of Pennsylvania, again crossed the Atlantic, and was an actor in the politics of Continental Europe, negotiated the alliance with France, signed the Definitive Treaty of Peace with Great Britain, returned home eighty years of age, was elected, and

for several years served as Governor of Pennsylvania, and at last put his name and gave his hearty approval to the Federal Constitution which has made us one Nation.

This too is a Pennsylvania career that has yet to be written, and this, with William Penn's, I repeat, would cover the whole period of the Commonwealth's historical existence. It is a discredit to Pennsylvania, to her men of talent and scholarship, that the only tolerable biographies of either have been written in New England, where William Penn never put his foot, and which Franklin abandoned almost when a child. Is it because these are Pennsylvania subjects? Is it because these were Philadelphia men that they are thrown aside and neglected?

I am admonished, by a variety of considerations, that it is time to bring to a close this rambling, conversational sort of address,—for such I have meant it to be. My object has been to show, by a series of casual and hardly coherent illustrations, what materials the American historical student has to work upon, where he must look for them, where he will find them, and what aid a Society like this, properly administered, may render him. We have disclaimed those solicitations for pecuniary aid which might discredit us, and turn indifference, which we are used to, into aversion. A beggar society is worse than a beggar man. But we solicit public favour in another form. We ask co-

operation and companionship. Having this, we trust that the time may come when a new turn will be given to public taste, when history, our own history, shall be systematically taught, and when the American man of intelligence and imagination, will find in its records much to interest him.

My appeal for local history is now made—earnestly, anxiously, honestly made. There is in my mind an abiding conviction, growing in influence every year I live, that it is a wholesome, invigorating study. That it strengthens genuine patriotism, and chokes the growth of spurious sentiment. That knowledge of early American history is the true conservative study. That it alone creates and keeps active the virtue of loyalty out of the very name of which Republics have been cheated. That its contrasts show us the errors, the follies, the faults of our own day on the one hand, and our superiority,—brighter prospects, and higher aims on the other. That honestly studied, it makes us rationally sanguine of the future,—because proud of the past. Feeling all this, it is with me a labour of love to try to make others, my fellow-countrymen, my fellow-citizens, (for I am proud of strong local sympathies,) feel and think as I do. I cannot but hope, that the appeal to-night will not be utterly in vain.

APPENDIX.

THE GRANT TO WILLIAM PENN.

THE following mutilated paper, being Penn's petition as executor of his father, and the other minutes, will be found in the printed Record or Paper-Book in the case of Penn vs. Lord Baltimore. A copy of this record is in the city, in the possession of Thomas Gilpin, Esquire.

“For the
The Humble ad
Son to Sir W

Sheweth,

That having
in Ireland by the oppression of the Lord
decease (though most of it remitted by
to borrow every penny of it, by reason
England was under the stop of the Ex
with the growing interest of it, and 9 Ye
for the relief of his own, and his Mother's
Ruine.

He humbly prays that
that Princely respect he of
his compassion to the afflicte
America lying North of M

River, on the West, limmit
 extend as far as plantable,
 he doubts not by his Intere
 profitable plantation to the
 to raise that speedy and sufficient
 Incumbrances, that he may
 Debt of, at least 11,000£ and be
 and Time as shall be most

And

The foregoing imperfect paper (one-half of it being worn away) remains in the books at the Board of Trade, is spoken to by Mr. Gellibrand, as Mr. Penn's original petition for a grant of Pennsylvania.

1680, June 14th. In the Council Chamber, Monday, the 14th of June, 1680. Present Lord President, Duke of Albemarle, Bishop of London, Mr. Secretary Jenkins, Sir T. Chichley. The Petition of William Penn, referred by an order from the Earl of Sunderland of the first instant, is read, praying, in Consideration of Debts due to him, or his Father, from the Crown, to grant him Letters Patent for a tract of Land in America, Lying North of Maryland, on the East bounded with Delaware River, on the West limited as Maryland, and Northward to extend as far as Plantable. Whereupon, Mr. Penn is called in, and being asked, what extent of Land he will be contented with Northerly? declares himself satisfied with three degrees to the Northwards; and that he is willing, in lieu of such a Grant, to remit his debt, due to him from his Majesty, or some part of it, and to stay for the Remainder till his Majesty shall be in a better condition to satisfy it: Upon the Whole matter, it is ordered, that Copies of his Petition be sent unto Sir John Werden, in behalf of his Royal Highness, and unto the Agents of the Lord Baltimore, to the end they may report how far the pretensions of Mr. Penn may con-

sist with the Boundaries of Maryland, or the Duke's propriety of New York and his possessions in those parts. This Exhibit is proved by Mr. Gellibrand,

1680. Oct. 16. For my Honored Friend William Blaythwaite, Esq; Secretary to the Right Honorable the Lords Commissioners for Trade and foreign Plantations at Whitehall. Whitehall, 16th Oct. (80). Sir, you heretofore wrote to me, touching Mr. William Penn's petition, then before the right Honorable the Lords Commissioners for trade and Foreign Plantations; To which I answered you, as at that Time I was obliged to do. Since then, Mr. Penn hath represented to the Duke his Case and Circumstances (in relation to the reasons he hath to expect favor from His Majesty touching that request of His) to be such, as that his Royal Highness commands me to let you know (in order to your informing their Lordships of it) That he is very willing Mr. Penn's request may meet with Success; that is, That he may have a Grant of that Tract of Land which lies on the North of New Castle Colony (Part of Delaware) and on the West Side of Delaware River, beginning about the Latitude of 40 Degrees, and extending Northwards and Westward as far as his Majesty pleaseth, under such regulations as their Lordships shall think fit. I am, Sir, Your Very Humble Servant, Jo. Werden.——This is proved by Mr. Gellebrand."





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 311 112 A